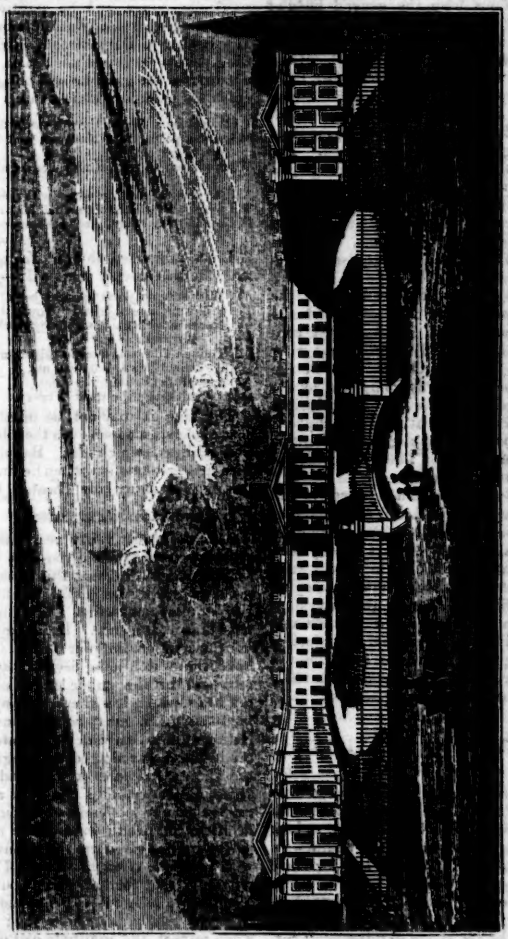
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

No. 816.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1837. [Price 2d.



THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' ASYLUM, OLD KENT ROAD.

This philanthropic establishment will be found noticed in our description of the Licensed Victuallers' New School, the foundation stone of which was laid about a year since. The Asylum may be said to complete the scheme of benevolence framed by this excellent Friendly Society; for, while in the School are fed, clothed, and educated the children of deceased or decayed members of the Institution, in the Asylum the aged, infirm, and decayed members of the Victualling Trade "find refuge, and are enabled to pass the evening of life, though in humble, yet in respectable retirement, cheered by the consoling reflection of being spared the derogation of becoming, in their latter days, the

inmates of a parish poorhouse, that sole receptacle provided by the laws of England for the indigent."

This branch of the Society was formed about ten years since, when so liberal were the contributions from the general body of Licensed Victuallers, aided by the Brewers, Distillers, Wine and Spirit Merchants, and others, that, in a very short period, the Board of the Society were enabled, in December, 1827, to purchase a site of freehold ground, near the Halfway House, in the Old Kent Road, whereon the handsome building, engraved on the preceding page, has been erected. The plan forms three sides of a quadrangle, of which the main building is divided into forty-three dwellings, and the two wings twenty-nine each; making one hundred and one entirely distinct habitations, each containing three rooms, besides requisite conveniences.

The first stone was laid by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, May 29, 1828, and the central portion of the building first constructed: in the year 1831, the southern wing was erected; and towards the close of the year 1831, the design was completed by the erection of the northern wing. The principal entrance is beneath a neat pediment supported by columns, and fronting the Committee Rooms of the Society. The whole front is faced with artificial stone.

The object of the Asylum is to receive and maintain decayed, aged Licensed Victuallers and their wives or widows. The substantial home for this noble purpose has already been reared; and it only remains to raise a suitable fund, out of which the inmates may be supported. Subscriptions for this fund have already been received to a considerable amount; and it is hoped that the Society will ere long be enabled to complete the labour of love, in which they have already joined with such encouraging success.

THE LATE JOHN BANNISTER.

(*To the Editor.*)

Observing in the last volume of your Miscellany, page 339, a memoir of the late John Bannister, Esq., I have been induced to look into the catalogue of the late Mr. Mathews's Gallery of Theatrical Pictures, and therein I find the following account:—

"Scene from Sylvester Daggerwood — Bannister as Daggerwood and Suett as Fustian, painted by De Wilde.—*Passage*, "Sir, I'm your most respectful servant, Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the 11th of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction." John Bannister made his first appearance at the Haymarket, 1778, as Dick, in the Apprentice; retired, 1815.

Bannister, junior, as he was always called, was one of the most delightful actors that ever existed: he combined the serious with the comic, in a manner never to be equalled. The character of Walter, in the Children in the Wood, afforded him full scope for this particular power, and he positively elicited smiles and tears nearly at the same moment. His Lenitives, Daggerwoods, and such bustling parts were inimitable; but, unhappily, a martyr to the gout, he was obliged to relinquish his profession almost in his zenith.

I viewed him at first as the eye views the sun,
When he peeps from the east, and his course is begun;
When a beam scarce distinguished breaks in on the sight,
And we feel satisfaction mixed with delight;
Till progressive the luminous minister rises,
Illumes us and vivifies, glads and surprises.

A. Pasquin.

Lines addressed to the *Young Veteran*, when he was seventy years old:—

With seventy years upon his back
Still is my honest friend "Young Jack,"
Nor spirits checked, nor fancy slack,
But fresh as any daisy;
Though Time has knocked his stumps about,
He cannot bowl his temper out,
And all *the Bannister* is stout,
Although the *steps* be crazy.

Thinking it may not be uninteresting to your readers, I also send you the following farewell address, which Mr. Bannister spoke with heartfelt emotion, when he finally quitted the stage at Drury-lane Theatre, 1815.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"Seven and thirty years have elapsed since I appeared before you—my kind benefactors! and I feel that this instant of separation is much more awful to me, than the youthful moment when I first threw myself upon your indulgence. During my strenuous exertions to obtain your favour, how much have those exertions been stimulated and rewarded by the public! and one vanity of my heart, which it will ever be impossible for me to suppress, must be the constant recollection of days, in which you fostered me in my boyhood, encouraged me progressively on the stage; and after a long and continued series of service, thus cheer me at the conclusion of my professional labours. Considerations of health warn me to retire; your patronage has given me the means of retiring with comfort. What thanks can I sufficiently return for that comfort which you have enabled me to obtain?—This moment of quitting you nearly overcomes me; at a time when respect and gratitude call upon me to express my feelings with more eloquence than I could ever boast, those very feelings deprive me of half the humble powers I may possess upon ordinary occasions.—Farewell my kind, my dear benefactors!"

This address was delivered in the most unaffected manner, and made a suitable impression upon the audience. W. F.

"ACCORDING TO COCKER."

(To the Editor.)

PERCEIVING in the 811th Number of your excellent Miscellany the query "What has become of *Cocker's Arithmetic?*" I have transcribed for you the title-page of the thirty-eighth edition—a copy of which is in my possession. G. B. W.

COCKER'S
ARITHMETICK:
being

A Plain and familiar Method, suitable to the meanest Capacity for the full understanding of that Incomparable Art, as it is now taught by the ablest Schoolmasters in City and Country.

Compos'd

By *Edward Cocker*, late Practitioner in the Arts of Writing, Arithmetick and Engraving. Being that so long since promised to the World.

PERUSED and PUBLISHED

By *John Hawkins*, Writing Master near *St. George's* Church in *Southwark*, by the Author's correct Copy, and Commended to the World by many eminent Mathematicians and Writing Masters in and near *London*.

The Thirty-eighth Edition Carefully
CORRECTED WITH ADDITIONS.

Licensed Sept. 3, 1677, *Roger L'Strange.*

LONDON:

Printed for *H. Tracy*, at the *Three Bibles*, on *London Bridge*, 1721.

Opposite this title-page is a rudely scratched portrait, which is subscribed:

Ingenious *Cocker!* (Now to Rest thou'rt Gone)
Noe Art can Show thee fully but thine *own*.
Thy rare *Arithmetick* alone can show
The vast Sums of Thanks wee for thy Laboure owe.

The work is commenced by a "*Proema* or *Preface*," which is too long to copy—but which ends thus:

"All the Problems or Propositions are well weighed, pertinent, and clear, and not one of them throughout the Tract taken upon Trust; therefore now,

"Zoilus and Momus lie you down and die,
For these Inventions your whole Force defie.

"EDWARD COCKER."

After this come the following testimonials:—

Courteous Reader,

Being well acquainted with the deceased Author, and finding him knowing and studious in the Mysteries of *Numbers* and *Algebra*, of which he had some choice Manuscripts, and a great Collection of Printed Authors in several Languages, I doubt not but he hath writ his *Arithmetick* suitable to his own *Preface*, and worthy acceptation; which I thought fit to certify on a Request to that Purpose made to him that wisheth thy Welfare, and the Progress of Arts.

November 27, 1677. JOHN COLLENS.

This Manuel of *Arithmetick* is recommended to the World by Us, whose names are subscribed, viz.:—

Mr. J. Collens Mr. J. Atkinson Mr. P. Perkins	} Matth.	Mr. Steph. Thomas Mr. Peter Storey Mr. Benj. Titchbourn
Mr. Rich. Lawrence, Sen. Mr Eleazar Wigan Mr. Ric. Noble, Guilford Mr. William Norgate Mr. William Mason		Mr. Joseph Symmonds Mr. Jerem. Milles Mr. Josiah Cuffley Mr. John Hawkins

And generally Approved by all Ingenious Artists.

The work ends with the pious sentence—
LAUS DEO SOLI.

Fine Arts.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

AT a recent meeting of the Institute of British Architects, Mr. Britton read a paper "On the application of the Monastic, or Christian, Architecture to Modern Mansions, with reference to, and a description of, Toddington, the seat of Charles Hanbury Tracy, Esq., M. P." Mr. Britton commenced his essay by tracing the decline of monastic architecture on the dissolution of religious houses by Henry VIII., and the substitution of the Italian style by Holbein, John of Padua, &c. The lecturer then pursued the history of the art to the revival of Gothic in the reign of George III., under the auspices of Walpole, Warburton, Bentham, and others. From the absurd attempts at imitation, made by Walpole at Strawberry Hill, and by other amateurs of the time, he turned with congratulation to the greatly improved and extended knowledge of the pointed style, so pre-eminently manifested in the recent competition for designs for the New Houses of Parliament. In the course of this short sketch, Mr. Britton ventured upon some discriminating criticisms on the works of Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, and the late Mr. Wyatt; and endeavoured, (in opposition to Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Wilkins,) to defend the architecture of the Middle Ages, as being much more appropriate to this country, and to the wants of its inhabitants, than the Classical, Pagan, Temple-Architecture of ancient Greece and Rome.

The lecturer then proceeded to a minute description of the new house at Toddington, which excited much interest as the work of an amateur architect; the whole having been designed and erected, during the last twelve years, by the ingenious proprietor of the manor. From the description of the vestibule, the cloister, the staircase, and the principal architectural façades, we should imagine that this mansion must fully support the lecturer in his assertion of the improved taste for, and appreciation and knowledge of, Gothic architecture at the present time.

Amongst several donations of the evening, we were gratified to observe one from several Fellows of the Institute, of their shares of the funds derived from exhibiting the designs for the Houses of Parliament, amounting to about 90*l.*, which donation was received with great applause.

The Naturalist.

THE AMERICAN FLYING SQUIRREL.

[A CORRESPONDENT to the *Magazine of Natural History*, gives the following account of the habits of some American flying squirrels, which he kept in confinement at Birmingham:—]

They are almost always asleep during the day, curled round, with their tails covering their noses: but in the evenings, and through the whole night, they are in constant motion. The moment I opened the door of their cage, they jumped upon me, and generally crept into my waistcoat or coat pocket: indeed, more than once, after I had roused and fed them in the daytime, I have found to my surprise, some hours afterwards, that I had been carrying one in my pocket handkerchief; sometimes even when on horseback, I have felt one there.

* * * *

When about to spring, they jerk the head up and down three or four times, as if to take their distance, and increase the power of rising. They generally sprang from some height down to an object they had selected to reach. Their power of rising appears to be very limited, as indeed will be obvious, when I state that the expansion of skin only acts as a parachute. They gradually fall, forming a curve in the air, the body being kept perfectly horizontal. They do not descend headlong or sideways, as Landseer's spirited etching in the *Fauna Borealis* would lead one to suppose: their legs are stretched out, and the under part of the body appears a little hollowed, like the palm of the hand with the fingers nearly expanded. I do not mean to assert that in a wild state they never descend except horizontally; but they certainly do not do so in a general way.

* * * *

Like all the squirrel tribe, they are in the habit of hiding all the food they do not immediately want to eat; and I had many opportunities of observing their recollection of the places in which they had concealed their nuts, &c. My brother told me, that one evening, they amused themselves with hiding the nuts he had given them in the creases of his trousers, under his knees, as he was sitting; and after four days, he let them out of the cage again, when they directly examined all the creases of his trousers for their hidden treasures. I found that whenever they were abundantly supplied with food, they were not easily satisfied with the quantity they were allowed to take, but would continue to fetch and hide it till all had disappeared.

My friends were often amused with watching the squirrels sitting quietly on the cornice of the room, over the curtain, till tea was brought in, when down they would come, one after the other, either upon my head, or upon the table; and steal lumps of sugar so quickly that we could seldom catch them. We were often obliged to place a saucer on the top of the basin, to keep any sugar for ourselves. They would then watch their opportunity, and take small pieces of toast or butter, which they carried to the cornice, and ran round till they thought they had found a secure place to hide them in, when they used to scratch with their fore-feet, push the food down with their mouths and noses, and then stamp upon it.

On one occasion, when my room was about to be painted, we found eighteen pieces of sugar, besides toast and lumps of butter, in the corners of the cornice. Of course, during the painting, the squirrels were not permitted to have their evening run; but after three weeks' or a month's confinement, they were allowed to come out again; and we were much amused at the constant running round, and the anxiety they were in, when they found their stores gone. As soon as tea was brought in, they again stole the sugar, but hid it in the corners of the room, under the carpet, and behind some books.

In March of the second year, I found, one day just after the cage had been cleaned, one young one: whether there had been more which had been thrown away, I do not know; but that one we reared, and he lived for some years. I then had an opportunity of procuring two more pairs, which, after some fighting, lived very contentedly with the three already in possession of the cage.

* * * *

Two of the females produced young last spring. I think the period of their gestation is a month; but I am not certain. The young are blind for three weeks after their birth, and do not reach puberty till the next spring. I never obtained more than two young ones at a time, nor more than one kindle in a year from the same female. The young were generally born in March or April. The female has five teats on each side, which appear through the fur some time before she brings forth. One of the females produced two young ones without making a distinct nest, or separating herself from the rest; but the consequence was, that they disappeared on the third day.

If on any occasion we disturbed the young in their nest, the mother removed them to another part of the cage. The common

squirrel of this country is said to remove her young in the same manner, if disturbed. Finding this the case, we often took the young squirrels out of their nest, for the purpose of watching the mother carry them away, which she did by doubling the little one up under her body with her fore-feet and mouth, till she could take hold of the hind thigh and the neck, when she would jump away so fast that it was difficult to see whether she were carrying her young one or not. As the young increased in size, (which they soon do,) and in weight, the undertaking became more difficult. We then saw the mother turn the young one on its back, and while she held the thigh in her mouth, the fore-legs of the young one were clasped round her neck. Sometimes, when she was attempting to jump upon some earthen pots, which I had placed in the cage, she was overbalanced, and fell with her young one; but, as soon as she was near the ground, she would drop the young squirrel, so as to prevent her own weight from crushing it, which would have been the case if they had fallen together. I have seen the young ones carried in this manner till they were half-grown.

The eye of the flying squirrel is of a most beautiful black, large, and very prominent. The crystalline lens is nearly a perfect sphere, and occupies at least two thirds of the whole ball. It is of a very firm consistence; and pressure, even less than sufficient to cut it through with a sharp knife, renders it quite opaque: greater pressure causes it to assume exactly the appearance of spermaceti. I have found that pressure on the lenses of others of the *Rodentia*, and of some fish, (perhaps of many other animals,) will produce the same appearance, though in different degrees.

The processes attached to the fore-legs, to assist in expanding the wings, are cartilaginous in the full-grown, young squirrel; whether it becomes bone in the aged, I have not had an opportunity of ascertaining. The flying squirrel is apt, (like the monkey in confinement,) to lose portions of the tail. I fed my squirrels on milk, sugar, nuts, and any kind of grain. I am sorry to add, that last summer, I lost all but one by some epidemic.

J. H. F.

SUGAR-CANDY IN THE FLOWERS OF PLANTS.

"I was lately shown," says Professor Henslow, "several crystallized fragments of what appeared to be white sugar-candy, which were found in the decaying flowers of a plant of *Rhododendron ponticum*. That I might observe the manner in which they had been formed, the plant was left with me for a few days; but, unfortunately, the blossoms had all fallen, and nothing remained of the flowers but the abortive ovaries, already more or less withered. On some of these there was still a drop of a thick, transparent, saccharine fluid, evidently of the same flavour and composition as the crystals. I washed those ovaries which seemed to possess the most vitality; and at the end of a few hours, there was a decided exhibition of a fresh supply of the syrup from several of them This syrup gradually hardened, like a drop of gum, into a solid, transparent, and perfectly colourless, mass; but those which I had received before exhibited some distinct crystalline facets, above a line in length. The largest mass was three lines long, and two broad, and weighed as much as four-tenths of a grain. Eight fragments from different flowers weighed together, 1·8 grain. In the *Gardener's Magazine* (iii., 208) is the following notice, extracted from the *Bulletin Universel*: —'*Rhododendron ponticum* is found to contain some grains of common sugar, of a pure and white colour, on the surface of the upper division of the corolla.' The present example appears to offer the same substance in larger masses than those here alluded to. I find that the syrup always exudes from the upper surface of the thickened base upon which the ovary is seated, and, apparently, from a minute glandular spot placed between the sinus formed by the two upper teeth of the calyx. The excessive formation of the syrup, in the present example, may be ascribed to a morbid state of the plant, which was in a pot, and kept in a room; and the crystals were stated to have been found more particularly within some of the flowers which had withered without fully expanding." — *Mag. Nat. Hist.*, ix., 476.

THE RECENT AURORA BOREALIS.

Mr John Morris, of Kensington, gives the following account of the Aurora Borealis, which occurred on Oct. 5, 1836:—"I observed its commencement when passing over Wormholt Scrubbs, about 7 o'clock; at which time an arch of dull light was visible, extending from N. E. to N. W. above the fog-bank of the horizon, with a few streamers passing from it, those on the east side larger and more defined than the rest. At five minutes past seven, the upper part of the easterly streamers had changed to red; at ten minutes, the whole of the streamers more red, especially to the N. W.; at the same time the easterly ones became less distinct; at fifteen minutes, the northerly streamers becoming more dull, those of the N. W. more red, and two or three dark streaky clouds now visible nearer the horizon; at twenty minutes, redness disappearing, one bright streamer directly north, more distinct than the others; at twenty-five minutes, no redness visible, the northerly streamer still distinct, with a dull, white light more westerly; at thirty minutes no streamers visible, the whole changing to a confused dull light, and gradually dying

away; soon after which the phenomena ceased. The evening was cold and clear, with the exception of the mists covering the low grounds. Upon my return home the barometer and thermometer stood thus:—external thermometer, 49° Fah.; internal, do., 57°; barometer, 29·80."—*Magazine of Natural History*, ix., 574.

Retrospective Gleanings.

CARP, PIKE, TURKEYS, HOPS.

"LEONARD MASCALL takes credit to himself for having introduced the carp, as well as the pippin; but notices of the existence of the carp in England occur prior to Mascall's time, 1600. In the celebrated *Boke of St. Albans*, by Dame Juliana Barnes, or Berners, the prioress of Sopewell nunnery, printed at Westminster, by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1496, carp is mentioned as a 'deyntous fisshe;' and in the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VIII., in 1532, various entries are made of the rewards to persons for bringing 'carps to the king.' The old couplet is certainly erroneous:—

Turkeys, carps, hops, pickerel, and beer,
Came into England all in one year.

Pike or pickerel were the subject of legal regulations in the reign of Edward I. Carp are mentioned in the book of St. Albans, printed in 1496: turkeys and hops were unknown till 1524, previous to which, wormwood and other bitter plants were used to preserve beer; and the Parliament, in 1528, petitioned against hops as a wicked weed. Beer was licensed for exportation by Henry VII., in 1492; and an excise on beer existed as early as 1284, also in the reign of Edward I."—(*Yarrell's British Fishes*, p. 307.)

On the above extract we will add a word or two. The mere circumstance of Dame Juliana speaking, in 1496, of carp as a "deyntous fisshe," does not prove that it was to be found in English waters at that time; neither is the mere statement that the Privy Purse expenses, in 1532, contain entries of rewards to persons for bringing "carps to the king," a proof that they were captured in this country. It would have been better for his purpose had Mr. Yarrell quoted from the Dame's *Treatyse of Fysshynge*, (1496,) where, speaking of carp, she says, "there bee but fewe in Englonde," as this remark shows there were *some*. J. H. F.

EFFECTS OF THE KELP-WEED ON MAN.

THE following curious passages are extracted from *Prenties's Narrative of a Shipwreck on the Island of Cape Breton*, published in 1782:—

"We collected a little of it, (kelp-weed,) and with melted snow boiled it for a few hours in a kettle, but, at the conclusion, found it very little tenderer than at first. We then melted a tallow candle in the liquor, and having supped it up, and eaten a quantity of the weed, our appetite became somewhat satiated. But in about two hours' time, we were all affected with a very uneasy sensation, and were soon after seized with a fit of vomiting, without being able to bring it entirely off the stomach. This fit of vomiting, having continued for above four hours, we found ourselves tolerably easy, but, at the same time, considerably exhausted.

"On the 22nd, we made use of some more kelp-weed and our last tallow-candle. It still operated in the same manner, but not to so violent a degree as it had done before.

* * * * *

"Our candles being all consumed, we were under the necessity of boiling the kelp-weed without the mixture of tallow, which, however nauseous at any other time, afforded us then, not only a wholesome nourishment, but even an exquisite relish. Having now for three days tasted of no other food but the kelp weed, we began to swell to an alarming degree. This we were at a loss whether to attribute to the kelp-weed or to the cold, (for we were not able to keep a sufficient fire;) however, I thought then, and do still believe, that it proceeded from the former: for, notwithstanding we had often before been exposed to the utmost severity of the cold, and sometimes without any shelter whatever, yet we had never found ourselves affected with this extraordinary symptom; but, on the contrary, were as much reduced in bulk as we were in strength.

"We remained in the same miserable situation for several days longer, the swelling having increased to such a degree all over our bodies, that notwithstanding the little flesh we had upon our bones, we could sink our fingers two inches deep on the skin; the impression of which remained visible for above an hour after. Hunger, nevertheless, still obliged us to make use of the kelp-weed; though I am certain it was of no great service, and tended only to blunt the edge of our appetite, instead of affording any nourishment to the constitution. I have never since consulted with any naturalist or physician about the extraordinary effects of the weed, yet doubt not but they may be accounted for from natural causes." J. H. F.

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE ENGLISH BIJOU ALMANAC.

[THIS year's gem is issued in three forms: plainly bound, in a sliding case, and enshrined in a casket covered with silk velvet—like a very jewel. There are portraits of Coleridge, Cooper, Goethe, Von Raumer, Mrs. Somerville, and the lamented Malibran;

with poetical accompaniments from the elegant muse of Miss Landon: we quote two of them: —]

ADDRESS.

We dream no more that fairies dwell
In the white lily's fragrant cell,
And yet our little book seems planned
By elfin touch, in elfin land,
And sent by Oberon, I ween,
An offering to our English Queen.

Such small, fair page, should only mark
The olive leaves of life's dull ark;
A fairy chronicle but meant
For days of hope and of content.
The tiny almanac found here;
May it record a glad New Year!

MADAME MALIBRAN.

Mournfully, ah! mournfully
Shed the myrtle o'er her;
Not alone with verse and flower—
With the heart deplore her.

Sweet emotions, smiles, and tears,
Lived amid her numbers;
Let their tender memory
Sanctify her slumbers.

Angels claim the angel one;
Fling the palm above her;
Too late, with a fond regret,
We find how much we love her.

[This little almanac is now unique; though its *petite* beauties must be seen to be estimated. For our part, we have not seen so pretty and useful a trifle to lie upon a boudoir table, pier slab, or encoigneur, as is the English Bijou Almanac for 1837. The portrait of Malibran may be had separately, and is a tiny gem for a scrap-book.]

FULCHER'S POCKET-BOOK.

This year's "Memorandum Book and Poetical Miscellany" maintains the reputation acquired in former years. The plates are capital: the frontispiece being Glazenwood Gardens, near Braintree, in Essex, whence Mr. Curtis has for years past issued his valuable botanical works: it must be a very paradise for any one, and we had almost said more for an editor. Besides the almanac is a Floricultural Calendar, interspersed through the Diary, and paper for Cash Account. The Poetical Miscellany contains eighteen original pieces by the editor and publisher Bernard Barton, and others; the Selections comprise several sacred compositions by American poets, with Hebrew melodies, &c.; and upwards of twenty pages of enigmas and charades complete the modicum of this interesting and acceptable present.

Spirit of Discovery.

CAOUTCHOUC.

At the late meeting of the British Association at Bristol, Professor Royle stated that in visiting the manufactory of the elastic web from caoutchouc, or India-rubber, which is now applied to a variety of purposes, he was informed there was a difficulty in obtaining from South America a sufficient quantity of caoutchouc or India-rubber for the purposes of the manufacture, and was therefore led to point out the variety of plants and countries from which the same substances might be obtained. A communication was first read from Mr. Sevier, the sculptor, who has made the principal discoveries in the properties of caoutchouc and the commerce of caoutchouc, by which it appeared that, since the removal of the duty, the importation of it had increased from 10 to 500 tons annually, and is soon expected to be 2,000 or 3,000 tons a-year, from its various uses as articles of dress, and ligatures of every kind, as well as for elastic ropes for the breaching of guns, and bands for driving machinery.

The earliest accounts, by Condamine, Aublet, and Priestley, were alluded to, and the South American tree, yielding caoutchouc, was mentioned under the name *Siphonia elastica*, that of Penang as *Uruch elastica*, and the Indian as *Ficus elastica*, while other plants yield it in Madagascar, Mauritius, Singapore, and China. The natural families of plants to which all those yielding caoutchouc belong, were stated to be *Cichorana*, *Lobeliaca*, *Apocynea*, *Asclepiadea*, *Euphorbiacea*, and *Urticea*, among which are included *Arctocarpea*, all of which have milky juice, and are in considerable quantities in tropical countries; there could be but little doubt that many other plants of these families might be found to contain this useful substance as well as those which are already known to do so.

Besides these general results, it was observed that many of the plants of this family were remarkable for the tenacity of their fibre, which fitted them for the purposes of rope-making, and that it was singular, that in the attempts to find substitutes for the mulberry-leaf in feeding the silk-worm, so many of the plants which they prefer, next to the mulberry-leaf, should belong to families which yield caoutchouc—as the lettuce-leaf, of the family of *Achnacea*, in England; the leaf of *Ficus religiosa*, the *Arctocarpea*, and the *Castor-Oil Plant* of the *Euphorbiacea*, in India. Considering that these facts were not likely to be accidental, the author was led to infer that something of the same kind must be contained in the juice of the mulberry, especially as it also belonged to the family of *Arctocarpea*, and having requested Mr. Sevier to make the experiment, the author was informed that he was perfectly correct in his indication, as the mulberry-juice also contained caoutchouc, whence it was inferred that the silkworm requires some portion of this tenacious substance in its food to enable it to spin its silk, and the fact was communicated as probably of some practical value, as well as of scientific interest.

Mr. Hope subsequently remarked, that the dandelion, which had been previously noticed as yielding caoutchouc, was one of those employed as a substitute for feeding the silkworm.

(Campden House, Kensington.)

Popular Antiquities.

CAMPDEN HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

The cut shows the north front of this celebrated mansion, though in a modernized state. It was built in the year 1612, by Sir Baptist Hickes, who had been a mercer in Cheapside, and was afterwards created Viscount Campden. With this mansion are connected many notable circumstances. It was used as a Sequestration Committee House, in the time of Cromwell; it was visited by Charles II.; and it was subsequently the residence of Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark. Here her son, the Duke of Gloucester, whose boyish amusements were of a military cast, formed a regiment of boys, who were on constant duty at Campden House. In the garden, a caper-tree stood alive in the open air for nearly a century; and, though a native of the south of Italy, it produced fruit every year, without the aid of artificial heat.

New Books.

THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE.

By the Author of Eugene Aram, &c.

["A Play, in Five Acts," is a novel "experiment" even for Mr. Bulwer, one of the most accomplished writers of our time, who has alike succeeded in the elaborateness of prose fiction, and the eloquence of disquisition and essay, and who will shortly appear as an historian. How far the *acted* play has satisfied public expectation, it is not for us to report; but of its defects and beauties in the closet it may become us to speak briefly, before introducing to the reader a specimen of the *materiel*.

The subject of the play is the story of the lovely and unhappy Duchess de la Vallière, one of the mistresses of the licentious Louis XIV. At the opening, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, the last descendant of an ancient and noble house, having been appointed a maid of honour to the Queen, is about to leave her mother and her paternal mansion for the Court. Her mind, though not of the highest order, is characterized by simplicity and purity; but she possesses a dangerous warmth of imagination. With her, the reasoning faculty is seated in the heart; but her very weakness is united and embellished with genuine tenderness of sentiment and honest depth of emotion. Her heart, however, is closed against the amiable and noble qualities of her affianced lover, the Marquess de Bragelone, her fancy having long cherished an illusion, unconsciously produced by the descriptions she had heard of the most splendid of monarchs, Louis XIV., then "in the flush of a brilliant youth, in the excitement of a first love." She glowingly describes the "royal vision," which had so often flitted around her; and though her mother calls it "a child's fancy," yet we perceive at once, that from the weakness of character that engendered and nourished it, follows the wreck of her virtue and happiness. But, she takes leave of the Marquess de Bragelone with a tenderness which he flatters himself may ripen into love. She repairs to the Court, and Bragelone to the wars. The sight of Louis realizes her romantic fancies; he is the royal vision she had so often beheld: while the king, on the other hand, is captivated by the charms of her mind and person; and La Vallière becomes the royal favourite. Meanwhile, rumours of her dishonour having reached even the distant camp, where Bragelone is serving, he hastens to the Court, and finds his fears of her impending ruin confirmed. He reproves her guilt, and persuades her to fly from the king to atonement in a convent; of which scene, one of the finest wrought in the play, we quote the greater portion:—]

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—This hated court!
Why came I hither?—Wherefore have I closed
My heart against its own most pleading dictates?
Why clung to virtue, if the brand of vice
Sear my good name?—
Bragelone.—That, when thou pray'st to God,
Thy soul may ask for *comfort*—not *forgiveness!*
Mademoiselle de la Vallière, (*rising eagerly.*)—
A blessed thought!—I thank thee!
Bragelone.—Thou art innocent!
Thou hast denied the King?
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—I *have* denied him!
Bragelone.—Curs'd be the lies that wrong'd thee!
—doubly curs'd
The hard, the icy selfishness of soul,
That, but to pander to an hour's caprice,
Blasted that flower of life—fair fame! Accurs'd
The king who casts his purple o'er his vices!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Hold!—thou ma-lign'st thy king!
Bragelone.—He spar'd not thee!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—The king—God bless him!
Bragelone.—Wouldst thou madden me?
Thou!—No—thou lov'st him not?—thou hid'st thy face!
Woman, thou trembless!. Lord of Hosts, for this
Hast thou preserv'd me from the foeman's sword,
And through the incarnadined and raging seas
Of war upheld my steps?—made life and soul
The sleepless priests to that fair idol, Honour?
Was it for this?—I loved thee not, Louise,
As gallants love! Thou wert this life's IDEAL,
Breathing through earth the Lovely and the Holy,
And clothing Poetry in human beauty!
When in this gloomy world they spoke of sin,
I thought of thee, and smiled—for thou wert sinless!
And when they told of some diviner act
That made our nature noble, my heart whispered—
'So would have done Louise!'—'Twas thus I loved thee!
To lose thee, I can bear it; but to lose,
With thee, all hope, all confidence, of virtue,
This—*this* is hard!—Oh! I am sick of earth!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Nay, speak not thus, be gentle with me. Come,
I am not what thou deem'st me, Bragelone;
Woman I am, and weak. Support, advise me!
Forget the lover, but be still the friend.
Do not desert me—*thou!*
Bragelone.—Thou lov'st the king!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—But I can fly from love!
Bragelone.—Poor child! And whither?
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Take me to the old castle, to my mother!
Bragelone.—The king can reach thee there.
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—He'll not attempt it.
Alas! in courts, how quickly men forget!
Bragelone—Not till their victim has surrendered all!
Hadst thou but yielded, why thou might'st have lived
Beside his very threshold, safe, unheeded;
But thus, with all thy bloom of heart unrifled,—
The fortress stormed, not conquered,—why man's pride,
If not man's lust, would shut thee from escape!
Art thou in earnest,—wouldst thou truly fly
From gorgeous infamy to tranquil honour,
God's house alone may shelter thee!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière—The convent!
Alas! alas! to meet those eyes no more!
Never to hear that voice!
Bragelone, (*departing*)—Enough.
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Yet, stay!
I'll see him once! one last farewell—and then—
Yes, to the convent!
Bragelone.—I have done!—and yet,
Ere I depart, take back the scarf thou gav'st me.
Then didst 'thou honour worth!' now, gift and giver
Alike are worthless!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Worthless! Didst hear me?
Have I not said that——
Bragelone.—Thou wouldst see the king!
Vice first, and virtue after! O'er the marge
Of the abyss thou trembless! One step more,
And from all heaven the Angels shall cry '*Lost!*'
Thou ask'st that single step! Wouldst thou be saved,
Lose not a moment!—Come!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière, (*in great agony.*)—
Beside that tree,
When stars shone soft, he vowed for aye to love me!
Bragelone.—Think of thy mother! At this very hour,
She blesses God that thou wert born—the last
Fair scion of a proud and stainless race!
To-morrow, and thy shame may cast a shade
Over a hundred 'scutcheons, and thy mother
Feel thou wert born that she might long to die!
Come!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—I am ready—take my hand. (*Her eye falls on the bracelet.*) Away!
This is his gift! And shall I leave him thus?
Not one kind word to break the shock of parting—
Bragelone.—And break a mother's heart!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Be still! Thou'rt man!
Thou canst not feel as woman feels!—her weakness
Thou canst not sound! O Louis, Heaven protect thee!
May Fate look on thee with La Vallière's eyes!
Now I am ready, sir. Thou'st seen how weak
Woman is ever where she loves. *Now,* learn,
Proportioned to that weakness is the strength
With which she conquers love!—O Louis! Louis!
Quick! take me hence!—
Bragelone.—The heart she wrongs hath saved her!
And is that all!—The shelter for mine age—
The Hope that was the garner for Affection—
The fair and lovely tree, beneath whose shade
The weariest soldier thought to rest at last,
And watch life's sun go calm and cloudless down,
Smiling the day to sleep—all, all lie shattered!
No matter! I have saved thy soul from sorrow,
Whose hideous depth thy vision cannot fathom.
Joy!—I have saved thee!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Ah! when last we parted,
I told thee, of thy love I was not worthy.
Another shall replace me.
Bragelone, (*smiling sadly.*)—Hush! Another!
No—Sire, I wear thy colours still.—Though Hope
Wanes from the plate, the dial still remains,
And takes no light from stars. I—*I* am nothing!
But thou—Nay, weep not! Yet these tears are honest:
Thou hast not lived to make the Past one blot,
Which life in vain would weep away. Poor maiden!
I could not cheer thee *then. Now,* joy!—I've saved thee!
[*Exeunt Mademoiselle de la Vallière and Bragelone.*

[Louis, however, follows La Vallière even to the convent chapel, where he seduces her from the foot of the altar before which she is kneeling. She returns to the Court, years pass away, and we find her raised to the rank of a duchess, living in stately splendour, loving the king fervidly, yet a prey to care and sadness. Louis becomes weary of her; and the misery caused by his increasing coldness, is aggravated by the reproaches of her own conscience. She nearly falls a victim to the intrigues of the Duke de Lauzun, a wily courtier, and Madame de Montespan. The death of Bragelone is then reported to her by the king, and her agonies of grief and remorse hasten her fall, by adding jealous umbrage to his already alien-

ated feelings. At length, by dint of intrigue and her own fascinations, Montespan gains the ascendant, and La Vallière is disgraced and deserted. She is living sadly in the retirement of her palace, when Bragelone, who had taken the vows as a Franciscan friar, seeks an interview with her as follows:—]

Enter the Duchess de la Vallière.

Duchess de la Vallière.—Your blessing, father.
Bragelone.—Let courts and courtiers bless the favour'd Duchess:
Courts bless the proud; God's ministers, the humble.
Duchess de la Vallière.—He taunts me, this poor friar! Well, my father,
I have obeyed your summons. Do you seek
Masses for souls departed?—or the debt
The wealthy owe the poor?—say on!
Bragelone, (aside.)—Her heart
Is not yet hardened! Daughter, such a mission
Were sweeter than the task which urged me hither:
You had a lover once—a plain, bold soldier;
He loved you well!
Duchess de la Vallière.—Ah, Heaven!
Bragelone.—And you forsook him.
Your choice was natural—some might call it noble!
And this blunt soldier pardoned the *desertion*,
But sunk at what his folly termed *dishonour*.
Duchess de la Vallière.—O Father, spare me!—if dishonour were,
It rested but with me.
Bragelone.—So deemed the world,
But not that foolish soldier—he had learned
To blend his thoughts, his fame, *himself*, with thee;
Thou wert a purer, a diviner self;
He loved thee as a warrior worships glory;
He loved thee as a Roman honoured virtue;
He loved thee as thy sex adore ambition;
And when Pollution breathed upon his idol,
It blasted glory, virtue, and ambition,
Fill'd up each crevice in the world of thought,
And poisoned earth with thy contagious shame!
Duchess de la Vallière.—Spare me! in mercy, spare me!
Bragelone.—This poor fool,
This shadow living only on thy light,
When thou wert darkened, could but choose to die.
He left the wars;—no fame, since *thine* was dim:
He left his land;—what home without Louise?
It broke—that stubborn, stern, unbending heart—
It broke! and breaking, its last sigh—forgave thee!
Duchess de la Vallière.—And I live on!
Bragelone.—One eve, methinks, he told me,
Thy hand around his hauberk wound a scarf;
And thy voice bade him 'Wear it for the sake
Of one who honoured worth!' Were those the words?
Duchess de la Vallière.—They were. Alas! alas!
Bragelone.—He wore it, lady,
Till memory ceased. It was to him the token
Of a sweet dream; and, from his quiet grave,
He sends it now to thee.—Its hues are faded.
Duchess de la Vallière.—Give it me—let me bathe it with my tears!
Memorial of my guilt—
Bragelone, (in a soft and tender accent.)—And *his* forgiveness!
Duchess de la Vallière.—That tone!—ha! while thou speakest, in thy voice,
And in thy presence, there is something kindred
To him we jointly mourn: thou art—
Bragelone.—His brother;
Of whom, perchance, in ancient years he told thee;
Who, early wearied of this garish world,
Fled to the convent-shade, and found repose.
Duchess de la Vallière, (approaching.)—Ay, is it so?—thou'rt Bragelone's brother?
Why, then, thou art what *he* would be, if living—
A friend to one most friendless!
Bragelone.—Friendless!—Ay,
Thou hast learned betimes the truth, that man's wild passion
Makes but its sport of virtue, peace, affection;
And breaks the plaything when the game is done!
Friendless!—I pity thee!
Duchess de la Vallière.—Oh! holy Father,
Stay with me!—succour me!—reprove, but guide me:
Teach me to wean my thoughts from earth to heaven,
And be what God ordained his chosen priests—
Foes to our sin, but friends to our despair.
Bragelone.—Daughter, a heavenly and a welcome duty,
But one most rigid and austere: there is
No composition with our debts of sin.
God claims thy soul; and, lo! his creature there!
Thy choice must be between them—God or man,
Virtue or guilt; a Louis or—
Duchess de la Vallière.—A Louis!
Not mine the poor atonement of the choice;
I am, myself, the Abandoned One!
Bragelone.—I know it;
Therefore my mission and my ministry.
When he who loved thee died; he bade me wait
The season when the sickliest blight of change
Creeps o'er the bloom of Passion, when the way
Is half prepared by Sorrow to Repentance,
And seek you then,—*he* trusted not in vain:
Perchance an idle hope, but it consoled him.
Duchess de la Vallière.—No, no!—not idle!—in my happiest hours,
When the world smiled, a void was in this heart
The world could never fill: thy brother knew me!
Bragelone.—I do believe thee, daughter. Hear me yet;
My mission is not ended. When thy mother
Lay on the bed of death, (she went before
The sterner heart the same blow broke more slowly,)
As thus she lay, around the swimming walls
Her dim eyes wandered, searching, through the shadows,
As if the spirit, half-redeemed from clay,
Could force its will to shape, and from the darkness
Body a daughter's image—(nay, be still!)
Thou wert not there; alas! thy shame had murdered
Even the blessed sadness of that duty!
But o'er that pillow watched a sleepless eye,
And by that couch moved one untiring step,
And o'er that suffering rose a ceaseless prayer;
And still thy mother's voice, whene'er it called
Upon a daughter, found a son.
Duchess de la Vallière.—O God!
Have mercy on me!
Bragelone.—Coldly through the lattice,
Gleamed the slow dawn, and, from their latest sleep,
Woke the sad eyes it was not *thine* to close!
And as they fell upon the haggard brow,
And the thin hairs—grown grey, but not by Time—
Of that lone watcher—while, upon her heart
Gushed all the memories of the mighty wrecks
Thy guilt had made of what were once the shrines
For Honour, Peace, and God!—that aged woman,
(She was a hero's wife,) upraised her voice
To curse her child!
Duchess de la Vallière.—Go on—be kind—and kill me!
Bragelone.—Then he, whom thoughts of what he *was* to *thee*
Had made her son, arrested on her lips
The awful doom, and from the earlier past
Invoked a tenderer spell—a holier image;
Painted thy gentle, soft, obedient childhood—
Thy guileless youth, lone state, and strong temptation;
Thy very sin the overflow of thoughts
From wells whose source was innocence; and thus
Sought, with the sunshine of thy maiden spring,
To melt the ice that lay upon her heart,
Till all the mother flowed again!
Duchess de la Vallière.—And she?—
Bragelone.—Spoke only once again! She died—and *blest* thee!

Duchess de la Vallière, (rushing out.)—No more—
I can no more—my heart is breaking!
Bragelone.—The angel hath not left her—if the plumes
Have lost the whiteness of their younger glory,
The wings have still the instinct of the skies,
And yet shall bear her up!

[Louis likewise in seeking the duchess, encounters Bragelone, and the scene thus rises to grand eloquence and sublimity, rarely equalled in modern, dramatic writing; its power being occasionally terrific:—]

Louis.—He knows me not. Well, monk,
Are you her Grace's almoner?
Bragelone.—Sire, no!
Louis.—So short, yet know us?
Bragelone.—Sire, I do. You are
The man—
Louis.—How, priest!—the *man!*
Bragelone.—The word offends you?
The King, who raised a maiden to a Duchess.
That maiden's father was a gallant subject:
Kingly reward!—you made his daughter Duchess.
That maiden's mother was a stainless matron:
Her heart you broke, though mother to a Duchess.
That maiden was affianced from her youth
To one who served you well—nay, saved your life:
His life you robbed of all that gave life value;
And yet—you made his fair betrothed a Duchess.
You are that King. The world proclaims you 'Great;'
A million warriors bled to buy your laurels;
A million peasants starved to build Versailles:
Your people famish; but your court is splendid!
Priests from their pulpits bless your glorious reign;
Poets have sung thee greater than Augustus;
And painters placed you on immortal canvass,
Limn'd as the Jove whose thunders awe the world:
But to the humble minister of God,
You are the King who has betrayed his trust—
Beggared a nation but to bloat a court,
Seen in men's lives the pastime to ambition,
Looked but on virtue as the toy for vice;
And, for the first time, from a subject's lips,
Now learns the name he leaves to Time and God!
Louis.—Add to the bead-roll of that King's offences,
That, when a foul-mouthed monk assumed the rebel,
The Monster-King forgave him. Hast thou done?
Bragelone—Your changing hues belie your royal mien;
Ill the high monarch veils the trembling man.
Louis—Well, you are privileged. It ne'er was said
The Fourteenth Louis, in his proudest hour,
Bow'd not his sceptre to the Church's crozier.

* * * * *

[The concluding denunciation is of awful force:—]

Bragelone.—Awake!—awake!
Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream,
That earth was made for kings—mankind for slaughter—
Woman for lust—the People for the Palace.
Dark warnings have gone forth; along the air
Lingers the crash of the first Charles's throne.
Behold the young, the fair, the haughty king!
The kneeling courtiers, and the flattering priests;
Lo! where the palace rose, behold the scaffold—
The crowd—the axe—the headsman—and the Victim.
Lord of the silver lilies, canst thou tell
If the same fate await not thy descendant!
If some meek son of thine imperial line
May make no brother to you headless spectre!
And when the sage who saddens o'er the end,
Tracks back the causes, trembly, lest he find
The seeds thy wars, thy pomp, and thy profusion,
Sowed in a heartless court and bloodless people,
Grew to the tree from which men shaped the scaffold;
And the long glare of thy funereal glories
Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly grave!
Beware, proud King! the Present cries aloud,
A prophet to the Future! Wake!—beware!

[*Exit Bragelone.*

[The King quails, but, by aid of sophistry, he rallies:—]

Louis.—Gone—most ill-omened voice and fearful shape!
Scarce seemed it of the earth; a thing that breathed
But to fulfil some dark and dire behest;
To appal us and to vanish.—The quick blood
Halts in my veins. Oh! never till this hour
Heard I the voice that awed the soul of Louis,
Or met one brow that did not quail before
My kingly gaze. And this unmitred monk—
I'm glad that none were by.—It was a dream;
So let its memory like a dream depart.
I am no tyrant—nay, I love my people.
My wars were made but for the fame of France.
My pomp—why, tush!—what king can play the hermit?
My conscience smites me not; and but last eve,
I did confess and was absolved.—A bigot;
And half, methinks, a heretic. I wish
The Jesuits had the probing of his doctrines.
Well, well, 'tis o'er.

[The sequel may be briefly told. Lauzun, now a needy profligate, having contributed to the rise and fall of La Vallière, proposes to marry her, for the sake of bettering his fortune, and obtains the King's consent, by persuading him that the lady herself is not unwilling. Louis visits her, and ascertains this to be false. She then quits the Court, and under the conduct of the disguised Bragelone, returns to the home of her youth, to enter a neighbouring convent of the Carmelites. Bragelone now discovers himself to her, and a scene of touching pathos ensues. This is followed by the ceremony of La Vallière taking the veil, during which the king rushes in, and entreats her to abandon her resolution; but in vain. She has, at length, conquered all her weakness, and makes her conviction of his love a further reason for consummating the sacrifice. Raising her hand to heaven, she exclaims—]

Father! at length I dare to hope for pardon,
For now remorse may prove itself sincere.

[The king retires overwhelmed with grief; and the play ends with the conclusion of the solemn ceremony.

Such is the main current of the story. It may be considered as essentially undramatic, and it must be owned that the play is altogether ill-constructed; moreover, it lacks a moral. Mr. Bulwer, however, conceives that few subjects can be found more adapted "to the skill of the dramatic poet, than the love and the repentance, the fall and the atonement, of Madame de la Vallière." To this conclusion, we are certainly indebted for one of the most splendidly written plays of our time; and we wish that it were as successful in other respects. It is fretted with brilliant beauties, sublime thoughts, and highly-wrought poetry; of which we shall hereafter detach a few gems.]

The Public Journals.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[In the *Quarterly Review*, (just published,) is an amusing *resumé* of the new *Life of Goldsmith*, by Mr. James Prior, author of the *Life of Burke*. The Reviewer has concentrated, by extract and comment, the sum and substance of Mr. Prior's work in a masterly manner; and has paid especial attention to the details of Goldsmith's Literary Life and Labours; from which portion we quote a few specimens, commencing with Goldsmith's first connexion with the *Monthly Review*, through the head of the school at Peckham, at which Goldsmith was some time usher.]

The elder Milner was a dissenter, and an occasional contributor to the *Monthly Review*, then conducted by its projector and proprietor, the bookseller Griffiths. One day Griffiths dined at Peckham, and Goldsmith's conversation made such an impression on him, that he asked him to try his hand on *an article*. Goldsmith did so—and Griffiths invited him to come to London, and assist him regularly in his Review, boarding and lodging in his house, and receiving moreover a certain sum by way of salary. The agreement, dated in April, 1757, was for a year; but they parted by mutual consent at the end of half that period. Goldsmith complained that his articles were twisted about and interpolated, not only by the illiterate bookseller himself, but by his still more ignorant and presumptuous wife; and they on their part alleged, that though by his own account he wrote every day from nine till two, and often all the evening besides, he did not produce the stipulated quantity of MS. in the month. Mr. Prior, however, having made prize of Griffiths' own copy of his journal, in which the names of the different authors are regularly inscribed, has now been able to father on Goldsmith various short essays, well deserving a place in his works; they embrace a wide range of subjects, are written uniformly in a candid and generous strain—and, if he did not as yet compose with rapidity, he had mastered the art of concealing his labour. With elegant little papers of the same description he continued from time to time to supply Griffiths after the close of their original paction; but Goldsmith, having no longer his board and lodging provided for, soon fell into straits again; asking petty sums in advance, he was presently in the bookseller's power, and subjected consequently to a long series of humiliating mortifications and perplexing embarrassments.

By contributions to the *Monthly Review* and *six* different magazines (all long since extinct), Goldsmith supported for some months this uneasy existence; but ambition was not deadened by his poverty, and he stole time enough to prepare a separate work, by which he hoped to raise a name, and emancipate himself in some measure at least from his bondage. This was the Enquiry into the State of Polite Literature in Europe; having finished part of it, he carried the MS. to the benevolent Robert Dodsley, who encouraged him to go on, agreed to publish the book, and advanced him various small sums on account of it. Still his distress was great and urgent; and the letters in which he communicated his views to Irish friends, whom he thought capable of assisting him in procuring subscribers, paint his feelings and struggles.

When the Enquiry was in progress his most intimate companion was Grainger, author of the Sugar Cane, then struggling like himself; by whom he was introduced to Smollett—who at this time edited the Critical Review, the rival of the Monthly. Smollett enlisted Goldsmith in his troop, but strongly concurred with Milner, in advising him to turn his views to obtain some professional appointment in the army, the navy, or the colonies. Goldsmith applied to some of his Trinity friends who were now prosperously established in life, and he at length obtained a nomination in the East India Company's service. But when the day of the preliminary examination approached, it found Goldsmith much at a loss how to put his outward man in case fit to appear at Surgeon's Hall. He applied to Griffiths, their connexion still lingering on, and the bookseller agreed to be his security for the loan of a suit of clothes, to be returned the day after. In these borrowed garments poor Goldsmith underwent the ordeal; but he had, we fear, neglected more important preparations for it. The following is an extract from the books of the college:—

"At a Court of Examiners held at the Theatre, 21st Dec. 1758—James Barnard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto."

This rejection brought with it other miseries. In his confusion and distress he appears to have been driven to pawn the clothes which he ought to have returned, and Griffiths, who had probably heard, in the meanwhile, of his alliance with Smollett, was not to be pacified by four articles for the Monthly, which the unfortunate debtor immediately sent to him. He took and printed the papers, but threatened instant arrest unless the whole debt were discharged within a given number of days, and demanded back on the instant some books of his lent to Goldsmith, which also he suspected him of having carried to the pawnbroker.

The matter was in so far made up with Griffiths, by Goldsmith's executing for him the short but elegant Life of Voltaire, which was published anonymously in February, 1759; and is now at length placed where it ought to be, in the collection of his works. But the *Monthly Review* soon began, and

long continued, to insinuate bitter things against Goldsmith's moral character, and he had abundant leisure to lament "the meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it."

About this time, he was introduced by Grainger to the Rev. Thomas Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, who soon formed for him a lively affection, which lasted with their lives, but was at this period hardly better provided with worldly goods than himself. Many years afterwards the bishop thus described to Malone his first visit to Goldsmith at his lodgings in Green-Arbour Court, a little nest of poverty-stricken tenements, near the Old Bailey.

"The Doctor was employed in writing his Enquiry into Polite Learning, in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, this was offered to his visitant, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor, ragged, little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who, dropping a courtesy, said, 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.'"

Mr Prior has given some further particulars of Green-Arbour Court from a humbler source. Seeing, a few years ago, the first edition of Goldsmith's Essays (1765) in the window of a little shop on the Clapham Road, he entered into talk with a fresh old woman who attended at the counter.

"By her account she was a near relative of the woman who kept the house in Green-Arbour Court, and at the age of seven or eight years went frequently thither, one of the inducements to which was the cakes and sweetmeats given to her and other children of the family, by the gentleman who lodged there; these they duly valued at the moment, but when afterwards considered as the gifts of one so eminent, the recollection became a source of pride and boast. Another of his amusements consisted in assembling these children in his room, and inducing them to dance to the music of his flute. He was usually, as she heard when older and induced to inquire about him, shut up during the day, went out in the evenings, and preserved regular hours. His habits otherwise were sociable, and he had several visiters. One of the companions, whose society gave him particular pleasure, was a respectable watchmaker residing in the same court, celebrated for the possession of much wit and humour; qualities which, as they distinguish his own writings, he professes to have sought and cultivated wherever they were to be found. His benevolence, as usual, flowed freely, according to my informant, whenever he had anything to bestow, and even when he had not, the stream could not always be checked in its current; an instance of which tells highly to his honour. The landlord of the house having fallen into difficulties, was at length arrested; and Goldsmith, who owed a small sum for rent, being applied to by his wife to assist in the release of her husband, found that, although without money, he did not want resources; a new suit of clothes was consigned to the pawnbroker, and the amount raised, proving much more than sufficient to discharge his own debt, was handed over for the release of the prisoner. It would be a singular though not an improbable coincidence, if this story, repeated to the writer by the descendant of a person who afterwards became his tailor, and who knew not that it had been previously told, should apply to that identical suit of apparel for which he incurred so much odium and abuse from Griffiths; and that an effort of active benevolence to relieve a debtor from gaol, should have given rise to a charge against him resembling dishonesty."

The Enquiry, though he had taken too wide a field, and betrayed, of course, incompetent resources as to fact, and considerable crudeness here and there of speculation, was still a performance exhibiting such easy strength both of thought and expression, that it might well have excited curiosity. It can hardly be said to have done so; but in the same humble lodgings Goldsmith wrote various pieces which fared considerably better. Those miscellaneous *Essays*, now classed with the happiest even of Addison's and Steele's, began to appear about the close of 1759 in sundry vehicles, particularly in a weekly sheet entitled *The Bee*, the Lady's Magazine, the Literary Magazine, and the British Magazine—this last a speculation of Smollett's, in which the chapters of his Sir Lancelot Greaves were originally published. Goldsmith's contributions to these works were plundered liberally by others of the same class, and by newspapers; but though the ability of the hand was thus recognised, the author's name still remained obscure.

Next year, however, one series of Essays, to which a regular plan gave unity and cohesion, by degrees fixed general attention; and before the close of 1760, the Chinese Philosopher — the Citizen of the World — had greatly enlarged the estimate of his friends, and not less excited the curiosity of strangers. Goldsmith now found himself courted by several of the men of letters who enjoyed established reputation; and Johnson above the rest was eager to show his admiration of his talents, and to cultivate his friendship. Through him the access to Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, and the rest of that memorable society was easy, and, though Goldsmith's pecuniary difficulties never ceased, he was thenceforth cheered by the confidence of

minds stronger than his own. Doomed still to earn the bread of the passing day by compilations to which even his genius could rarely give any dignity, his self-respect was sustained by their approbation and authority; and he gallantly rescued from repose and relaxation sufficient time to produce at intervals the various original works in prose and verse to which, after and above the Chinese Letters, he owes his station among our classics.

In May, 1761, he exchanged his garret in Green-Arbour Court for lodgings of a better description in Fleet-street, and it seems that the first visit Johnson paid him was at a supper which he gave on taking possession of them. Percy, as their chief mutual acquaintance, conducted Johnson, and was struck with the then unusual trimness of his attire:—

"He had on," said the Bishop, "a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and everything so dissimilar from his usual habits, that I could not resist the impulse of inquiring the cause of such rigid regard in him to exterior appearance. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example.'"

In the course of that year, Goldsmith formed his first connection with Mr. Newbery, a kind-hearted bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard, now chiefly remembered for the multiplicity of his little publications for children. Setting up the newspaper which still exists under its original name of *The Public Ledger*, he applied to Goldsmith for occasional literary contributions, and found him so adroit and withal so diligent, that he charged himself thenceforth for several years with providing occupation for his pen. In the course of 1762, Goldsmith produced for him a pamphlet on the Cock-lane Ghost, for which he received three guineas; a History of Mecklenburg, 8vo., (suggested by the marriage of good Queen Charlotte,) 20*l.*; seven volumes, 12mo., of an English Plutarch, 45*l.*; an abridgment of the History of England (the first and tiniest of *four* such abridgments from this pen), two guineas; a Life of Beau Nash, 8vo., fourteen guineas; and miscellaneous papers sufficient to raise his revenue, from St. Paul's Churchyard, in all to 120*l.* These items would prove this to have been a year of severe exertion: yet there seems good reason to believe that they do not exhaust the list of its performances; and we have plentiful evidence that all its industry had not relieved him from the most tangible degradations of penury. We need not repeat the story of Johnson finding him in a spunging-house for a petty debt, and releasing him by the sale of his Vicar of Wakefield for 60*l.* to Newbery. Boswell fixes the incident in the spring of 1763. That delicious little novel had been no hasty effort. Every version of the anecdote shows that he had kept it by him to be taken up as his "Labour of Love," whenever he could shift off the yoke of translation or compilation for an evening during the preceding year—perhaps during 1761 also.

Newbery had probably been offered the tale before, and when he did give 60*l.* for a copyright which must have put thousands into his pocket or that of his heirs, did so in deference merely to the favourable opinion of the Dictator Johnson. And he still clung to his own doubts—for the novel lay near two years in his desk, and was not published until after the poem of the Traveller, put forth with the author's name in 1765, had been crowned with universal applause, and there was a rush among what is called *the trade* to collect his fugitive essays, and partake *per fas aut nefas* in the lucre of a new celebrity. However, Newbery was also the publisher of the poem, and the sum he gave for it was twenty guineas!—to which Goldsmith stooped not to solicit any addition in the then usual shape of a dedication fee, for he inscribed it to his affectionate brother, the obscure curate, contented with his obscurity—

"And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

When these beautiful performances at length placed Goldsmith in that high station which the lapse of time had left undisturbed, he was in the 37th year of his age, and had struggled for nine years with the worst miseries of an author militant. The attainment of fame, had it come earlier, might perhaps have found character and manners comparatively plastic, and he might have emerged into the upper world with the ability, as well as the desire, to adopt its habitudes; as it was, the boon came too late for this. Such as he had been in the darkest periods of his humiliation, he now and ever after continued to be; or if he changed in anything, it was but to resume some of those lighter features of his own original temper and taste which had been for a time obliterated under the pressure of calamitous anxiety. He was spoken of and invited out; but though many did justice to his worth and kindness, his manners carried the broad stamp of a prime checkered with mean sorrows and cheap indulgences; and his amiable simplicity itself, furnishing easy merriment to intellectual inferiors, was as easily connected in the mind of his social superiors with the notion of a sort of moral imbecility that would of itself frustrate any efforts of protection. It will always, however, be a deep stain on the dispensers of royal patronage in that age, that Goldsmith, after he had so nobly vindicated his right to their favour, was permitted to consume so great a part of the brief re-

mainder of his life in the actual servitude of literature. The excuse that ease induces indolence,—that he who toiled because he must have bread sinks into listless inexertion when secured against the iron gripe of necessity,—this excuse, so often repeated, and, it must be owned, countenanced by some sad examples in our own literary history, can never be more idly alleged than in the case of Goldsmith. He had in his mature years thrown off all, or almost all, the *vicious* irregularities which distracted his youth. He had, as all who have left any records of their acquaintance with him in the latter period agree, entirely abandoned excess in drinking. He had subdued an even more perilous propensity; he continued to like a hand at whist, and lost and won like other people among friends; but there is no trace of his ever having tampered with games of hazard, entered a gaming-house in London, or, in short, as *the* Dr. Goldsmith, done anything to bring him within the category of *gamester*; even in this matter, therefore, we must allow him to have exhibited considerable fortitude, though less than as to the pleasures of the table, which he continued to enjoy keenly, and yet had learned to partake in blameless moderation. For society he ever had a lively appetite, but it was only as the relaxation from labour; he never considered it as the serious business of life. But the solid and unanswerable argument remains; his greatest works, all those which one has no pang in connecting with his name, were produced in obedience to pure and generous love of literature and ambition of fame, in the midst of the grievous round of task-work to which he looked for provision against positive want. Who will believe that if he wrote his novel, his poems, and his comedies, for the sake of his genius and his name, when beleaguered by printer's devils for the daily dole of compilation, he would not have left us many novels, many poems and many plays, had his mornings and evenings, during the ten last years of his life, been his own, to do with as he listed? It is hard to say anything for the excisemanship of Burns; but it is harder still to turn over any page of any pension-list (Whig or Tory), and remember without worse than indignation the long library of booksellers' catch-pennies on which the inoffensive and unrepining Goldsmith wore out his strength, until exhausted nature gave way at forty-five. 44

The Gatherer.

The Fandango.—Like their passion for all festivals, solemn or simple, that of the Spaniards for the dance is carried to the highest enthusiasm. Just as at their *festas de toros*, no sooner is the prelude to the evening's joys struck up, than a murmur of delight runs through the rooms, the whole frame seems to vibrate, the eyes and face glow with delight; and I could not help repeating to my companion the remark of an English divine, that if any one were to come suddenly into a church or a court of justice, playing the fandango or the bolero, priests, judges, lawyers, criminals, audience, one and all, grave or gay, young or old, would quit their functions, forget all distinctions, and all set themselves a-dancing. The observation is doubtless amusing, and was most probably suggested to the reverend traveller by a little Spanish piece, the humour of which turns on the proposed suppression of the fandango. The decision is referred to the conclave at Rome; a consistory was formed: the cause of the fandango was tried according to all the rules of the canon law. Sentence was going to be pronounced, when one of the judges very judiciously observed, that a criminal ought not to be condemned without being seen and heard. The observation was approved, and a Spanish couple was introduced, who, to the sound of instruments, displayed all the graces of the fandango. The severity of the judges was not proof against this appeal; the austerity in their faces soon began to relax; they got up; their knees and arms soon recovered their juvenile suppleness; the hall of the consistory was transformed into a dancing-room, and the fandango is acquitted. Its triumph must be supposed from thenceforth to be complete; and though French models, here as in other matters, have recently been proposed for popular imitation, I was convinced, from all I saw both at Madrid and in the provinces, that their reign would be transitory; and that, as with the French opera, national taste and long-engrafted custom would still maintain with the fandango their pristine influence, and that Spaniards would live and die Spaniards to the end of the chapter.—*Roscoe's Landscape Annual.*

Flowers closing during the late Eclipse.—In the *Mirror*, vol. xxviii., p. 54, is a notice of the effect of the late eclipse on the crocus, which began to close immediately on the obscuration of the sun's rays. In the *Magazine of Natural History*, (ix., 533,) Mr. J. G. Tatem says, that during the same condition of the sun on that occasion, the tulips closed their cups; but they did not open until the next morning. J. H. F.

Properties of Ivy.—Cato and Pliny attribute a singular property to the wood of the ivy, and say that, by its filtrating powers, it can separate wine from water. According to these authors, if a cup of ivy-wood be filled with wine that has been adulterated with water, the wine will find its way through the pores of the wood, and the water alone will remain in the cup. In the *Nouveau du*

Hamet, it is mentioned that this experiment was tried by a person worthy of confidence, and that he found the very reverse take place; the water filtering through, and the wine remaining in the cup—(*London's Arboretum Britannicum.*) Even if the latter were the case, it would be very remarkable.—J. H. F.

The New World.—In the early history of New South Wales, a ball was given by the officers of the marine and others, to which some of the coloured ladies were invited. An officer, during that part of the dance when his dark partner and self were not engaged, desirous of making the agreeable to her, commenced some complimentary conversation; the lady only deigned to cast a contumelious glance upon her partner: he made a second essay, when with a reproachful toss of the head, she replied, "Me come for dance, me no come for chattor.—*Southwark Journal.*

Comparative Extent of Foreign and British Libraries.—The Public Library of Prussia contains 297,000 volumes; Austria, 2,200,000; the German Estate, 3,624,500; the whole of Germany, 6,751,500; the whole of France, 3,457,000; the whole of England, 1,532,000; the whole of Italy, 2,139,000; the whole of Russia, 880,000: the Royal Library of Paris contains 450,000 volumes or 70,000 works; Oxford University, 420,000 volumes or 30,000 works; Munich University, 400,000 volumes or 9,000 works; Vatican, at Rome, 100,000 volumes or 40,000 works; University at Gottingen, 300,000 volumes or 5,000 works; and the British Museum, 300,000 volumes. J. H. F

The Vauxhall Balloon Voyage to Germany.—The appearance which the balloon exhibited previous to the ascent, was no less interesting than strange. Provisions, which had been calculated for a fortnight's consumption in case of emergency; ballast to the amount of upwards of a ton in weight, disposed in bags of different sizes, duly registered and marked, together with an unusual supply of cordage, implements, and other accessories to an aerial excursion, occupied the bottom of the car; while all around the hoop and elsewhere appended, hung cloaks, carpet-bags, barrels of wood and copper, coffee-warmer,* barometers, telescopes, lamps, wine-jars, and spirit-flasks, with many other articles, designed to serve the purposes of a voyage to regions, where, once forgotten, nothing could be again supplied.—*Mr. Monck Mason's Narrative.*

* A machine had been contrived for the purpose of warming coffee and other liquors, without the intervention of fire, by the means of slaked lime, which answered the purpose sufficiently well, although the danger which it was intended by these precautions to avoid, is really not such as to require the aid of such appliances: with that degree of prudence and attention which can at all times be commanded, no real peril is to be apprehended from the use of actual fire. During the whole night, a lamp was constantly burning, nor did the aeronauts at any time suffer anxiety on account of its presence, or perceive any occasion, even temporarily, to wish for its extinction.

The Forget-me-not.—Dr. A. T. Thomson communicated the following origin of the common name of this flower to *Mills' History of Chivalry*, (vol. i., p. 315.)—"Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake, on a fine summer evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of *Myosotis* growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when the knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished-for plant; but his strength was unequal to fulfil the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and casting a last affectionate look upon his lady love, he cried, "Forget-me-not," and was buried in the waters." J. H. F.

The following Song, (stated to be written by Mr. Theodore Hook,) was set to music by Mr. T. Cooke, and sung by the votaries at the recent Dinner of the Garrick Club to Mr. Charles Kemble, on his retirement from the stage:

"Sacred to genius be this festive day,
In music be our thoughts express'd,
While friendly voices swell the lay,
In honour of our welcome guest.

Then fill the bumper to his name,
Fill, fill it to the brim;
Long since 'twas registered by Fame,
Long well maintain'd by Him.

Still in the wine-cup drop a tear,
A tribute from the heart,
That clos'd too soon his bright career,
This master of his art;
No more his varied skill revealing,
Shall wake each mournful, mirthful feeling,
Which *he* so ably could impart.

Yet banish care, with joys in store
No sorrowing grief shall blend;
For though the Actor's life be o'er,
We still possess the friend.

Then fill the bumper to his name,
Fill, fill it to the brim;
Long since 'twas register'd by fame,
Long well maintain'd by Him."

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House;) and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and Historical Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.